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GERMANS AWAIT REARMAMENT

New Republic

MOTHER GOOSE EXPOSED!

A Warning to Loyal Tots

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T. R. B. *Washington Wire*

Once a year this column fills up with Christmas spirit and then, for the life of us, we can't attack anybody! That peculiar time is now at hand, so let's string together some of the idle anecdotes politicians endlessly tell each other, and hang the baubles on the peaceful tree.

For example, a Democratic Senator was recently discussing salesmanship. Said he, he didn't think the Republicans could sell to America the brand of goods associated with a certain Midwest politician from a dairy state. It reminded him of a storekeeper he knew, a tailor. The latter was eager to sell off a batch of remainders at year end. But the suits had been picked over all year and were badly cut and made. One in particular was not merely ugly, it was atrocious. But the proprietor was like the GOP—he did not give up easily. "Why don't you sell that suit, Sam?" he demanded of his helper. "Now I'm going to lunch. Let's see you concentrate; sell that suit while I'm out."

Well, sure enough, when he returned the suit was gone. In spite of himself he showed amazement. "So—you sold it!" he exclaimed. "That shows what application will do, Sam! But your face is cut—your clothes are torn. Did the customer put up a fight? Did you have a struggle?"

"No," replied faithful Sam, "the customer didn't mind taking that suit at all. But I had a terrible time with his Seeing Eye dog."

The art of political criticism can sometimes be neatly sheathed in what seems at first a compliment, as when Churchill once said of Clement Attlee that he knew few men in public life so modest, or with so much to be modest about. At the early part of the first session of Congress when Democrats constantly saved the Administration from GOP attacks on foreign policy, Sen. Hubert Humphrey (D, Minn.) was passing down the reception line at the White House. Shaking the President's hand he remarked gravely that his party would support the Republicans all it could—but it might have to fight the GOP occasionally "to maintain a bipartisan foreign policy." Mr. Eisenhower apparently missed the gibe.

There is another story involving a favorite of ours, Mr. Justice Douglas. Following a formal dinner, the jurist emerged under the embassy portico where the butler, according to custom, called to the waiting chauffeurs, "The car for Mr. Justice Douglas, the car for Mr. Justice Douglas!" To which the amiable Judge remarked, as he started away on foot, "It's a good car, but it doesn't come when it's called."

Then there is a story to illustrate a certain merry-go-round quality of Washington comment, a tendency you may notice sometimes in the press, to follow a leader and interview each other. The same situation, it seems, obtained in a small town, where for many years the watchman had blown the factory whistle every morning at seven. Each day he checked his watch as he hurried past the jeweler's before performing his function. On his annual vacation, habit compelled him to follow his old routine, though he arrived on Main Street a little later than usual. "Why, Bill!" he exclaimed as he passed the open door of the jeweler's and saw his friend waiting inside. "What are you doing?" Said the jeweler, "How are you, Tom? I always wait here in the morning for the seven o'clock whistle—I set my clock by it."

Here is a story we heard from a Republican leader who didn't think the President's new "progressive, dynamic program" was going to have too easy a time in Congress. It might seem simple at first, he thought, but unexpected developments were likely. It reminded him of this yarn. Seems that a woman appealed to a psychiatrist—it was her husband; he had a fixation that he was a refrigerator! The doctor turned the matter over carefully, seeking to calm her. "I really would not try to undeceive him," he said finally, "it is a harmless idea and will take care of itself in time."

"But doctor!" exclaimed the woman hysterically, "he sleeps with his mouth open—and the light's on!"

Here is a story that is true. It involves that half-mysterious US Air Force base, Thule—North Greenland. It is halfway to Moscow, 1,000 miles north of the last tree, and it is 800 miles south of the Pole. Other statistical novelties are it has four months' total darkness, gets only four inches of snow a year, has a runway 200 feet wide and 10,000 feet long, the men serve there for one year—and there are no women at all. People who complain of cold at this time of year should consider Thule. The Air Force boys have their own way of boosting morale, however. When the temperature drops to 20 degrees below, the bartender, quietly and as a matter of rite, produces from behind the bar the picture of a large nude standing on a sand dune. This is put gravely in place. And when the temperature drops to 40 below a second nude is added. It is rather agreeable, we think, to know that there are spots where such just measurements of human hardship are made, where such exact remedies are offered and where problems can be met so simply.

And finally there is an anecdote to remind politicians—what they already know—of the importance of personal relationships. Baby-kissing still outranks perorations in winning elections. To illustrate this, a friend tells of an experience in an Upstate New York hospital. She arrived with books and magazines and took pity on her roommate, an elderly farm woman. The latter chatted animatedly enough when friends called—about neighbors and personal matters generally—but between times she had nothing to occupy her. In one such dull period our friend offered the farm woman a copy of the *New York Times* and received this discouraged answer.

"No, I thank you. I don't believe I know a soul down there."

Then there is the story, told by Sen. Ralph Flanders (R, Vt.), of the old man dragged from his bombed home in London. As he recovered his wits he said, in bewildered Cockney, "Ah've pulled the chain before, but Ah never thought Ah'd pull the house down!" But that really has nothing to do with the holidays.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

More People, More Money, More Votes—

THE CONCEPT of Social Security is so well rooted in government that attacks upon it now are usually disguised as proposals to "improve" it. Direct attack wastes itself against the sentiment, shared by most of those covered, that their contributions have given them a legal and moral right to benefits. So the "improvers" most often challenge the contributory principle and attempt to obscure its relations to benefits. Their catch-phrases are "broadened coverage," meaning more people, not larger benefits, and "pay-as-you-go."

The US Chamber of Commerce, for example, suggests this "improvement": broaden Social Security to include all those over 65 by substituting a pension plan of $25 a month, scrap the contributory system, use the $18 billion trust fund built of those contributions to finance the initial cost, and let Congress decide year by year the taxes needed to support the "broadened" plan.

Rep. Carl T. Curtis (R, Nebr.) has urged a similar program for a long time. Now he is Chairman of the Ways and Means Subcommittee on Social Security. The Staff Director of the Committee, Karl Schlotterbeck, is co-author of a book proposing a similar plan, and a close adviser to the chairman and the staff, Leonard Calhoun, has recently written a pamphlet for the Chamber of Commerce called "Improving Social Security."

Under the chairmanship of Representative Curtis, this group recently held "fact-finding" hearings. The President had requested extension of Social Security to 10.5 million more people. Chairman Curtis, while applauding "broadened coverage," made it plain that he intended to give the President more than had been requested.

But the committee staff was overzealous in choosing witnesses and questions. Rep. Herman P. Eberharter (D, Pa.) came out of the hearings charging that "every question has been carefully prepared and formed so as to elicit answers which criticize, ridicule and assail the present Social Security system." Other Democrats denounced the hearings. Labor unions and organizations like the American Association of Social Workers explained fine points of the Curtis-Chamber of Commerce plan.

Curtis faced a dilemma—the Chamber and the insurance companies would not tolerate a pension plan of more than $25 a month; present average monthly payments are an inadequate $42. Some highly critical comment was voiced in Curtis' home district. Both Curtis and the Administration were urged to remember that 1954 is an election year.

Quite suddenly, Curtis announced that he had changed many of his previous ideas. "On some things I was mistaken." Changes, he said, "must be made within the existing basic framework of our present Social Security program."

Equally suddenly, "leaks" suggested that the White House would alter its stand and request real "improvements" in the form of increased benefits, a broader tax-base, and liberalization of the restrictions on supplementary earnings of beneficiaries, as well as the inclusion of more people.

Those who have long fought for the Lehman-Dingell bill, however, are not convinced that this election-year about-face indicates a real change of heart. They point to the powerful interests pledged to fight Social Security, and to the classic dilemma of Republicans in power: If they try to please the people who have the votes, they risk displeasing those who have the money.

Now Knowland, now Martin, now Bridges and Nixon

Lonesome Benson

THE American Farm Bureau Federation is big, powerful and conservative. And it is tightly organized. Yet the mood of the American farmer is such that dissatisfaction with the Bureau's policies has spread even to the command levels. And at the recent Chicago convention, pressure from the disgruntled faction—led by Southern delegates—resulted in an abrupt modification of those policies.

A staunch ally of Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, the Bureau has been beating the drum of "government interference" and demanding less federal control and fewer, flexible, subsidies. Benson, reciprocally, has looked to the Bureau for advisers and aids in matters agricultural.

But the Chicago convention issued a clear call to Benson for more regimentation. Its resolution stated flatly that, "The Secretary . . . should be required to establish" strict control over the use of the 30 million acres farmers have voted to remove from the production of wheat, cotton, peanuts and tobacco. Such control would considerably extend present "government interference."

More important, although the Bureau tried to soothe Benson's feelings by endorsing the general principle of flexible supports, it in fact said that right now it wants 90 percent of parity. Flexible supports later on, maybe. The National Grange has taken a similar position.

Since the Bureau was largely responsible for the 1949 law providing for switching from a 90 percent of parity to a flexible price-support program on January 1, 1955, the Chicago backpedalling increases the chance that Congress will continue the 90-percent program in some form.

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High Tension

THE POWER issue is now cast for a major role in the New Year.

More than 700 persons representing 100 organizations in 31 states assembled in Denver December 10-11 to protest the Eisenhower electric-power policy at a meeting called by the National Farmers Union. The Republican *Denver Post*, published by Ike's occasional golf companion at Cherry Hills Country Club, called the meeting a "political shocker" that should awaken the GOP to the unwisdom of its power plans.

The Interior Department did modify its Missouri Basin power-marketing criteria as the meeting closed. But the modifications satisfied no one—they only formalized hedges and pledges which Assistant Interior Secretary Fred G. Aandahl had made earlier in the week before Sen. William Langer's Judiciary Subcommittee investigating the new electric policies.

Interior still proposes to make 20-year contracts for power from Missouri Basin dams. But it says that it will reserve power to meet the future needs of REA co-operatives by selling a part to private companies on three- to five-year contracts *as a matter of administrative discretion.*

The REAs refuse to "buy" this package because:

1. It makes *continuing* preference a matter of administrative discretion rather than *a legal right*, which the REAs are already prepared to go into court and defend.

2. It does nothing to make federal power accessible to public and co-op customers not now reached by federal distribution arrangements.

3. It does not increase the amount of power Interior plans to firm up and offer for sale as dependable power. The output of hydro systems depends on rainfall and river flow. Interior presently plans no steam plants and says it will buy only enough steam power to firm up *an average low water year* of its hydro capacity. Excess power during abundant water flow will be sold as secondary at low rates to companies with steam power to firm it. The REAs contend the US could net more money—and have more dependable power for preference customers which have no steam facilities—if it would firm up a higher proportion.

Furthermore, the federal power program advocates point out that Eisenhower still has two Commissions, packed with private power advocates, planning the liquidation of the federal power program. One is the Manion Commission on state-federal relationships whose chairman openly advocates sale of this TVA. The other is a Hoover Commission task force on water and power working under the direction of Herbert Hoover, who last April 11 in Cleveland, Ohio, outlined a step-by-step plan for getting the federal government out of power generation and transmission "as quickly as possible."

The federal power program advocates are going ahead with plans for a "kilowatt conference" in Washington early in the new session of Congress. And Senator Langer has indicated that his Judiciary Subcommittee on Monopoly will continue its study of power problems by areas across the country as well as interlocking stockholdings, trade associations and industrywide propaganda programs of the private utilities.

Comparison

THE Detroit Edison Company of Michigan, USA, and the Hydroelectric Power Commission of Canada have initiated interchange of electric power with a ceremonial unveiling of plaques inscribed "Partners in Progress." Though the US private system and the Canadian public system will now pool their generating capacity, there's no danger that Canada's "creeping socialist" power will infect us with its low-cost virus. A special Act of Congress, passed in 1953, exempted Detroit Edison Company from accountability to US regulatory agencies where international exchange is concerned.

According to the Federal Power Commission, the relative cost of 250 kilowatt hours a month is:

In Detroit, Michigan, USA.....$7.74
In Windsor, Ontario, Canada....$3.33

The average householder in Windsor uses 286 kilowatt hours of "juice" a month and pays $3.64 for it. That's nine cents less than 100 kwh costs ($3.73) in Detroit, where average use is only 133 kwh per month per home.

High US taxes aren't solely responsible for the rate difference. Detroit Edison Company enjoys tax-amortization concessions from the US on $65.5 million of its investment.

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Washington Wire by T. R. B. 2
Behind the Headlines 3
Marianne and the Bear 6
by Frank Gorrell
Mother Goose Exposed 7
An editorial
Three Ways of Swearing 9
by Alexander Laing
Which Patch on the German Uniform? 13
by Frank Tollman
Extinguishing the Visiting Fireman 15
by S. I. Nadler
American Novels Since the War 16
by Malcolm Cowley
God Bless America 18
by Eric Bentley
D. Canfield Fisher, *Vermont Tradition* 19
Agnes Meyer, *Out of These Roots*
reviewed by Francis Biddle
Scarlatti Redivivus 20
by Robert Evett
Books in Brief 21

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Another Wisconsin Idea

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN has reaffirmed its basic faith in the methods of free inquiry. It has come up with an idea which could become a precedent-setting way of silencing, at least partially, the frightened cries of those who claim that students must be protected from ideas and persons which do not conform to the patterns demanded in our fearful times.

In a report made public November 12, Wisconsin's Student Life and Interest Committee reaffirmed the right of any student group, whether on the Attorney General's "subversive list" or not, to exist on the campus. They further refused to act as censors when student organizations bring speakers from outside the University to address them. Anyone, says SLIC, regardless of political coloration, may speak before any recognized student organization-meeting in a university building.

The report points out that an organization listed as "subversive" by the Attorney General "may operate legally with no more hindrance than pertains to an artistic or social organization, and its members now face no immediate consequences because of membership."

But, says the report, in the future members, or former members, of such organizations, may not be able to obtain passports, government or defense industry jobs, or commissions in the armed forces. The feeling of the university, then, is that while it cannot take a censor's role it does have an obligation to its students to point out what they would risk if they joined such groups as the Labor Youth League.

The University of Wisconsin has a long tradition of militant defense of academic freedom. In the past three years the tradition has been severely tested—once a year in fact. Early in 1951 Max Lerner, noted columnist and author, was invited to speak in the Memorial Union Theatre. Part of the cost was to be borne by an endowment fund administered by a university committee. The committee balked. Lerner was too controversial. Student groups, led by the *Daily Cardinal*, the student paper, jumped into the battle. Lerner himself offered to come at no expense, because of the principle involved. Finally students collected money to replace the amount withdrawn.

A year later Owen Lattimore, controversial Far-Eastern affairs expert, was invited to speak in the same place. Just before his scheduled appearance, however, he was catapulted into the headlines by Senator McCarthy's sensational charges that he was a Soviet agent and the chief architect of our loss of China. An enraged alumnus began applying pressure. Administrators reminded the gentleman of the Regents' statement of 1894, born in the heat of a controversy over an attempt to fire Professor Richard T. Ely, economist, whose ideas were not popular in some quarters. The Regents' statement, the last part of which is engraved in bronze and anchored next to the main entrance of Bascom Hall, Wisconsin's main building, said in part, "Whatever may be the limitations which trammel inquiry elsewhere we believe that the great State University of Wisconsin should ever encourage that continual and fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone the truth can be found."

Taken together the two cases had caused uneasiness in the state. Much of the fear that the university was a hot bed of all sorts of radicalism could be traced back to the 1894 incident, and to the subsequent tenure at Wisconsin of such great, but hardly popular, minds as Max Otto, E. A. Ross and others. These new incidents brought back to mind the anti-Lafollette charges of the thirties when the state university was said to be in the hands of "atheists, free lovers, Communists and Socialists." Led by John Chapple, an upstate editor, the university was smeared all over the state by methods remarkably similar to those later adopted by McCarthy. Although Chapple was eventually defeated in his attempt to become US Senator, the echoes of his campaign linger on.

Last January, when the Labor Youth League brought Abner Berry, an editor of the *Daily Worker*, to the campus to speak, the state legislature, meeting just down the street, began to worry about impressionable young minds again. The Legislative Council investigated, and several legislators demanded that Berry be denied the use of university facilities and that the LYL be removed from the university. At the time the LYL had less than 10 members. Berry spoke. His audience, far from being impressed, roundly defeated him in a question period which turned into a debate. University President E. B. Fred issued a statement defending Berry's right to speak.

The Legislative Council, however, demanded that the university "re-examine" its policy of recognizing all student groups and allowing anyone to speak on the campus, subject only to certain unimportant administrative conditions.

The November 12 SLIC report is the result of that re-examination.

The report does more than simply restate an old policy; it gives vital and valid reasons for allowing the status quo to continue. They are worth quoting:

> Practical educational experience demonstrates that restrictions aiming to shield students from ideas current in American society are ineffective.
>
> Students must be given the freedom of discussion permitted citizens of the United States . . . if they are to be trained for responsible citizenship.
>
> The . . . committee believes that . . . open meetings are, preferable to possible underground activity; it is in the forum that error is most effectively exposed.
>
> Registration of a student organization does not constitute endorsement of its objectives.

It is still too early to determine what state reaction has been. So far, however, there have been no angry letters or editorials. The legislature, which last year reflected trends toward anti-intellectualism by cutting the university's budget severely, is safely out of session.

One young woman summed up a fairly widespread student and faculty reaction by saying "it makes you proud to go to Wisconsin."

As to the Labor Youth League, it lives on but hardly as a potent force. It seems to have only two or three dedicated members and perhaps that many hangers-on. RICHARD SCHICKEL

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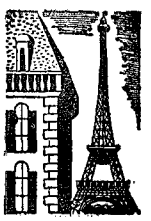
Paris Dispatch: MARIANNE AND THE BEAR

The Kremlin has now pinned its hopes for profit from the sequel to Bermuda much less on Sir Winston Churchill than on Joseph Laniel. This has been obvious since Moscow's unexpected acceptance of the bid for the four-power foreign ministers' meeting. It was confirmed by the changing attitude toward Indian participation in the Korean conference, and much more so, by the bombshell (in Paris) of the Ho Chi-minh "offer" to "consider" negotiations for ending the war in Indo-China. But what the Russians were trying to catch in French waters and the real nature of the bait they were putting on the first of their new hooks—the acceptance of four-power talks—haven't seemed entirely plain, at least not to official Washington. As a matter of fact, the State Department was in such a hurry to discover the obvious and to warn the US public about the fishing expedition that it didn't wait to examine the bait—to read carefully the text of the note to Washington, and to compare it with the texts sent to Paris and London.

Hence, the Department made the mistake of assuming that the notes were timed to upset the Laniel government and perhaps to prevent France from being represented at Bermuda. In fact, the Russians knew that they were guaranteeing to Laniel his trip to the rendezvous with Sir Winston and General Eisenhower. They prefer him and his not always like-minded and like-policied foreign minister, Georges Bidault, to any other team likely to emerge now from the dog-fight in the Palais Bourbon. For they are caretakers of French policy, especially toward the EDC and European union, who may—the Russians hope—be transformed into its gravediggers.



The Soviet note to France contained a key paragraph, which reads:

> The Soviet Government is ready, in agreement with *other European countries,* to guarantee the security of Europe by means of adequate treaties between *all the European states* regardless of their different social systems. The security of *all the European states* can be fully assured if all the efforts of *France, of the Soviet Union, and of other European states* are precisely exerted in this direction. And this also requires solving the German problem: restoration of Germany, united and independent, as a *democratic and peaceful* state. [Italics ours.]

The note to the US, in the second sentence of the paragraph, reads: ". . . efforts of all the states of Europe and the other states interested in it are precisely exerted. . . ."

The difference between the two versions is much more than a nuance. It reveals the nature of the bait with which the Kremlin is now fishing in France. First of all, Russia comes forward as a European state, differing pointedly therefore from the US. As a European state and with its satellites, also European states, Russia offers special partnership to France—which considers herself *the* European state par excellence—in the making of a Europe larger than any of those foreseen thus far in Atlantic patterns, the six of the EDC or the larger number of the Council or union or federation.

To the logical and realistic French, there can be no doubt that the Europe of the EDC or even of the Council is an artificial, essentially political *and temporary* conception. Poland and Portugal, Sweden and Spain and all the others left out of the EDC are in fact as much part of Europe as France, Germany and Italy. But even leaving geography aside and accepting the present fact of the Cold War division, the hope of a larger Europe is tempting to those French who, fearing Germany, have little faith in assurance that Allied troops will remain on the continent. It has also the attraction of suggesting the possibility of confirming the Oder-Neisse frontier, or at least building some bulwarks against German revisionism, with its obvious threat of provoking atomic warfare.

Anyway, as the *London Times* points out, "French indecision about the European Defense Community is not the creation of skillful Russian diplomacy; it is the product of deep national misgivings in France herself." But the belief in France that Russia is deadly serious in her fear of the rise of German power is certainly a help for Russian diplomacy in France. The Kremlin prefers to have in office in France a government, like Laniel's, which does not fully take into account French fears about "little Europe"—the Europe of the EDC and "the six."

Some of these fears are economic rather than military. Economic union of "the six," as favored in Washington, in Bonn and in some circles of the Right in Paris, would standardize such economic policies as the attitude toward employment; and France, both by its Constitution and its past practices, is the only one of the six with a policy of full employment. The free circulation of persons across frontiers would bring into France cheap labor from Italy and the DP camps in Germany. A common policy of balanced budgets would cut down investments, not only in social services, but also in agriculture and industry; and this would be tragic in its effects on necessary modernization in France. Removal of customs barriers would make French farms unable to meet Dutch competition; French textiles and wine, Italian competition; French automobiles, chemicals, machine tools, German competition.

One French statesman, fully aware of these facts, is struggling to make France's joining a European union, or her integration in the six of the EDC, contingent upon immediate and drastic reforms in her economic structure. He is Pierre Mendes France.

The choice is between a new government coalition, of the Center-Left, or a new foreign policy, of the Right-Center. If neither is possible, there will have to be new general elections. But if an Assembly more honestly representative of public opinion, better able and willing to make choices, is to be formed in the Palais Bourbon, there will first have to be a new electoral law. And here a choice for US policy presents itself: either to take the risk, implied in a new law, of gains for the Communists; or to frown on the law and leave the Assembly a fishing pond for the Kremlin.

Paris FRANK GORRELL

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A JOURNAL OF OPINION New Republic

Editorial: Mother Goose Exposed

"IKE, IKE, IKE!" shouted the Ace Investigator, thrusting the chin that cowed so many witnesses a few inches from his wife's impassive face. "Don't tell me what Ike said about Communists in government not being an issue next year! We'll decide what the issues are going to be!" She shrugged her shoulders, gathering the supper's dirty dishes. Furious, he stalked off into the living room.

How could she doubt him—and in the Christmas season! The heart of the Ace Investigator pounded in anger. Then by the process a grateful nation had learned to admire, his anger hardened to purposeful intent. Taking from his desk a pad marked *To the Senator* he began another of the directives which had won him fame.

"To the Senator . . . Such is the success of the enemy in penetrating our nation," he wrote, "that even our loved ones are not immune to the virus from overseas. For total immunization our hopes must turn to the youth. Not only must we expunge all study of UNESCO and other international parties from the classrooms. We must demand that first priority be given to the wisdom of the forefathers who freed us from the bondage of internationalism and placed AMERICA FIRST!"

The Ace Investigator paused. It was then that he noted on the desk beside him his son's homework book. Well trained, he opened it without a moment's thought and read the essay it contained. It began:

> The great affairs of the world, the wars and revolutions, are carried on and effected by parties.
>
> The different views of the different parties occasion all confusion.

The Ace Investigator suffered a stabbing pain—his own son—guilty of neutralist leanings!—He read on:

> While a party is carrying on a general design each man has his particular private interest in view.
>
> As soon as a party has gained its general point each member becomes intent upon his particular interest which, thwarting others, breaks that party into divisions.

A none too subtle reference to The Senator the Ace Investigator decided. He read on:

> There seems to me at present to be great occasion for raising a United Party for Virtue by joining the virtuous and good men of all nations into a regular body to be governed by suitable good and wise rules. . . .

What! His own son, a supporter of a world super state! He shouted until the boy's frightened face appeared in the doorway. "What do you mean writing this internationalist propaganda!" he cried. "I didn't write it," the boy protested. "I copied it." "Then why are you copying the foul doctrines of subversives?" "It wasn't subversive . . . it was Benj. . . ." "Don't tell me who is subversive!" the Ace Investigator interrupted. "Get up to your room!" "It was Benjamin Franklin," the boy muttered, but his words were lost as his father paced before the fire like a lion raging for meat.

"To the Senator . . . This evening I have made a terrible discovery," the Ace Investigator began . . . .

The door opened admitting sounds of the dog scratching, the washing machine whirring and a captive television audience groaning. Clad in pajamas and bright from their baths, the Ace Investigator's daughters stood, arms laden with nursery books.

"Tell us a story!" said the Second to Littlest. "About Prickly the porcupine and Smelly the skunk!" said the Littlest. Sighing, the Ace Investigator settled in an easy chair, clasped his daughters to his chest and picked up the first book.

Robin Hood! He laid it aside, and the next, and the next; finally he came to Mother Goose.

"Sing a song of sixpence," he read, and they settled, murmuring, against him. But the Ace Investigator was on guard.

"Sixpence," he mused. "Why not a good American nickel or dime? . . . Why this subordination of our coinage to a foreign currency with its overtones of the International Monetary Fund?"

"Go on reading," the Second to Littlest whispered.

"A pocketful of rye," the Ace Investigator continued. He added: "A pocketful . . . in other words, a pint flask . . . rye . . . rye whisky of course!"

"Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie." For a moment the Ace Investigator was baffled. "Four and twenty," he repeated . . . "one quarter of the Senate no doubt . . . *baked in a pie* . . . of course sealed in a foreign treaty! He read on.

"When the pie was opened the birds began to sing," he spoke with rising emotion: "in other words my poor little ones, when the revolution comes, you will be compelled to sing the *Internationale!"*

"Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the King." The Littlest and the Second to the Littlest were shaken by his cry "The King—Malenkov of course!"

"Now children, do you comprehend this diabolical ditty," he demanded gripping them with tense fingers. "If your weakness for whisky makes you a willing victim of radical propagandists who claim that a pint flask of rye is available for a mere sixpence in the Welfare State

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then, such are the implacable processes of creeping socialism, you will lose your birthright of freedom and end singing the *Internationale* as Malenkov's slaves!"

He looked down triumphantly at his daughters. They were crying.

"That's a stupid story," sobbed the Second to Littlest. "Stupid! . . . Stupid," echoed the Littlest sobbing.

"STUPID!" shouted the Ace Investigator, rising so forcefully that his daughters fell to the carpet. "We'll see who's stupid in this house! Go up to bed!"

My own home! My own family, he thought . . . why are my children turned against me? Obviously, he reflected, outside influences were reaching them, sapping their simple faith. But what outside influence could be so subtle, so devilish as to poison the minds of his own five-year-old? He had not far to search. As if by accident he had uncovered the source of the domestic rebellion. Seizing the telephone he called his chief assistant. "Bring me the files on Mother Goose!"

IT WAS long past midnight when the Ace Investigator turned off the lamps, turned down the heat, and climbed wearily to bed. On his desk among the pile of nursery rhymes, lay a directive, written in his inimitable style and destined to become a classic in the Committee's history. It is published here for the first time:

To the Senator . . . Far and wide have we searched in our efforts to root out subversion. We have sent our men to Tashkent and Katmander. We have tapped telephones and opened graves. We have scoured the files of governments, the desk drawers of our schools, tracking down the stream of subversive propaganda, but never finding the source. Little did we suspect that the source was in our own homes, brought there even by you and me! Tonight, in a sample reading my suspicions were aroused. Now at last I am able to report that I have come upon the source—Mother Goose! My preliminary research discloses these examples:

Hush-a-bye Baby on the Tree Top. How many times has this notorious little poem been read to unsuspecting infants! I learn from Miss Katherine Thomas that it is in fact a vicious attack on authority. The baby I discover is James Stuart, the Pretender. The tree top refers to the royal palace where he was supposedly born; the wind to the conflict created by his claim to the throne of England; the bough breaking to his unfortunate end.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat. This innocent sounding jingle my informant states is in reality an attack upon "the resplendent figure of Charles I going his heedless obstinate way with Henrietta Maria of France pursuing her equally tactless career of spoil and plunder of the English people."

Simple Simon met a pie-man. Simple Simon, Miss Thomas states, is the people; the pie-man is James I who claimed the title of King by Divine Right. The pie-man's demand to Simple Simon "show me first your penny" refers, Miss Thomas reveals, to the fines imposed by the Star Chamber which may be compared to the Committee. Note the evasiveness of Simple Simon's answer: "Indeed I have not any."

Three blind mice. How many happy tots have danced to this radical rhyme! The three mice I learn were Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer who challenged the efforts of "Bloody" Mary to destroy the Church of England. The cutting off of their tails is an illusion to their deaths by burning at the stake in 1555.

Little Miss Muffet, Mistress Mary Quite Contrary, and *Little Bo Peep.* These vicious jingles were radical attacks upon Mary Queen of Scots whose sheep, the clans of Scotland, were mobilized for civil war and defeated at a battlefield bearing the pregnant name of Pinkie Burn.

Little Boy Blue, Jack and Jill, Little Tom Tucker, and *Old Mother Hubbard;* these are identified in the *Harleian Miscellany* as the attack of Protestant agitators (whose madam counterparts J. B. has exposed) against Thomas, Cardinal Wolsey who began life as a shepherd and whose wealth aroused the envy of contemporary radicals.

Baa Baa Black Sheep. My informant, Miss Thomas, identifies the Communist nature of this wicked verse:

> Chief among the grievances of the working classes of this period was the tremendous demand for wool . . . "Baa Baa Black Sheep" . . . arose the people's cry throughout the land. . . . "My Master" and "My dame" symbolized the King and the over-rich nobility with "the little boy that cried in the lane" the common people who thus come out the small end of the horn . . .

My informant, Miss Thomas, concludes:

The lives of Little Bo-Peep and Little Boy Blue which to childish minds suggest but the gayest of blue skies . . . hold in reality grim import. Across all this nursery lore there falls at times the black shadow of the headsman's block, and in their seeming lightness are portrayed the tragedies of Kings and Queens, the corruptions of opposing political parties and stories of fanatic religious strife.

Doubtless the Committee will wish to expose and prosecute the authors. The historian Motley identifies them as members of Rhetoric Chambers. These he states:

"Occupied the place which has been effectively filled in succeeding ages and in free countries by the daily press. Before the invention of the most tremendous weapon which liberty has ever wielded against tyranny, those humble but influential associations shared with the pulpit, the only power which existed of moving the passions or directing the opinions of the people." Motley adds: "Poems were pasted on the walls of every house and passed from hand to hand." He identifies the authors as mostly artisans or tradesmen." He reveals (what more do we need): "They were eminently liberal in their tendencies."

Happily these authors were mostly exiled, imprisoned or hung. But the punishment was obviously insufficient. Queen Elizabeth in fact lifted the death penalty for libel —a mistake which we live to regret. Let us begin to make amends for the errors of three centuries by drafting legislation creating a Nursery Rhymes Control and Review Board. Thus we will cook Mother Goose!

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DECEMBER 28, 1953

Three Ways of Swearing

A Dartmouth teacher asks what oaths may the free conscience permit

by Alexander Laing

IN THE SUMMER of 1949, when most teachers weren't looking, the New Hampshire Legislature passed a teacher's oath law. It has been enforced, so far, only in state-financed schools. The other day a student asked me what I would do if the courts should find the vaguely phrased Hart Act applicable to the private place of learning for which I work. I said that I could not, in good conscience, take this particular oath, and tried to explain why.

When he had gone, I recalled the occasion when I had taken a voter's oath in my state of residence, Vermont. Why had that not been objectionable? Had we all been more naïve about oaths, in the old days? I tried to recall it, and it was shocking to have to admit that I had not the dimmest glimmer of memory of what I had sworn to do—or not to do—on that solemn occasion.

These are days when legislative committees expect John Citizen to recall bits of conversation from years ago. What would become of me if I should ever have to face up to the choice of contempt, for a blank memory, or perjury, for a faulty one, upon some such matter? The general circumstances of that act of oath-taking were very vivid. I tried to review them in memory, with a hope of recapturing the words of the obligation, or at least their sense.

Town Meeting for 1939 was coming up. The Town Clerk's wife had verified my check-list entry. She told me to see her husband, over in the school house, about the oath. My wife and I walked across the patchy snow to the school, where a belated teacher said we should find the Town Clerk upstairs.

I asked if he was busy.

"Yes," she said, "But you can go right up."

Dust, and a swishing, bumping noise came from one of the rooms. We found the Town Clerk pushing a T-shaped brush between the battered desks. He paused, leaning on his brush handle, and seemed to smile with his eyes. Feeling like one who had caught the bank president shaking the furnace, I asked if it was too late for me to take the Freeman's Oath. He shook his head, and balanced his brush against a blackboard, and hitched his galluses.

"You shouldn't have to go back to your office, now," my wife objected. "Can't we meet you there a little later?"

He said he was figuring to do it right where he stood. Adding inches to his height as he squared his old shoulders, he told us to raise our right hands. I pointed out that my wife was still an alien. He seemed disconcerted, as if I had insulted her in his hearing. I added that she was British. He looked relieved.

"Almost the same as us," he said, "but she'll have to get her papers first. Ready?"

He repeated the oath slowly. I gave my affirmation.

"Now you can go ahead and vote," he announced benevolently, and picked up his janitor's brush with an air.

It was as if the Lord God Jehovah had noticed that the golden streets needed a touch of tidying—and knew that if a thing was to be done well, he had better do it himself.

That was the dark spring after Munich. Spain had just fallen to the Fascists. Yet as we walked down the noisy stairs, I felt a strong good sense of exhilaration, a growing hunch that democracy was going to pull through at the last, somehow.

But the central words the Town Clerk had spoken still eluded me. I had to look them up:

> You solemnly swear that whenever you give your vote or suffrage, touching any matter that concerns the state of Vermont, you will do it so as in your conscience you shall judge will most conduce to the best good of the same, as established by the Constitution, without fear or favor of any person.

I am ashamed of ever having forgotten those words, but the reasons are evident. There was and there is nothing objectionable to me in the Freeman's Oath. Meriting its name, it slipped wholly welcome into my mind. Yet its expression has a gnarled integrity, like the roots of a sugar bush gripping to the rock for best advantage, but not for elegance. The memory-haunting precision of some other noble statements is not here.

As I read it again, I saw that the pivotal word "conscience" made the great difference.

What then is wrong with the Hart Act's oath? It begins with an affirmation of allegiance, such as only a

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pacificist or a genuine subversive would be likely to find objectionable—and the latter would take care not to object. But the second part requires me to swear:

> that I do not advocate, nor am I a member of any political party or organization that advocates the overthrow of the Government of the United States or of this state by force or violence; and that during such time as I am a teacher in any school or institution in New Hampshire, I will not advocate nor become a member of any political party or organization which advocates the overthrow of the Government of the United States or of this state by force or violence.

Do I so advocate? Not at present, but in the future I might find that this oath had frustrated my freedom of conscience to act at the best hour in the cause of good government. What if some authoritarian group should be voted into power by a deluded citizenry? That is how the change came, quite legally at first, in some other countries. The Hart Act oath would have constrained me in advance not to advocate the forceful overthrow of that authoritarian, though legally elected, government.

A FANTASTIC example? Anyone who doubts the speed of such processes needs to be reminded that in seven years ways have been devised of evading, and even of reversing, two firm and ancient absolutes that men who called themselves patriots fought revolutions to establish: (a) That every person is presumed innocent until proved guilty; (b) That a person's accusers are not to be credited unless they will confront him. Yet the single legislator who has done most to obtain a general public acquiescence in these changes was emphatically reelected. If the people are satisfied with these two surrenders of democratic to totalitarian principle, it well may be that there is a "real and present" danger that subversives of the Right or Left may attain power in office to suppress all the tolerances of democracy that permitted them to gain their backing. A time then would come when the totalitarian usurpers could be dislodged only by "force and violence," since the other means would have been usurped or suppressed.

Well, when that happens, the advocates of oath laws assure me, all bets are off anyhow. But just when does it happen? Not at any sure moment, if the history of Italy, Germany, Argentina or Czechoslovakia has any meaning. Totalitarianism typically offers a practical formula to solve an urgent immediate difficulty for a majority of voters. It becomes entrenched precisely because patriots *do not strike soon enough*. They say, yes, we must overlook these harsh methods for the sake of the main objective. And as the piecemeal surrenders continue, at just what point, as government is being subverted from within, shall the teacher forswear his foolish oath? Note that the oath stipulates "the government," which means any government. It does not say, "the constitutional form of government," which would be a very different obligation.

What good is an oath which, as its own advocates admit, might in high duty have to be forsworn at some discretionary, future time? Its surest tendency would be the evil one of delaying revolt, in the more conscientious individuals, until revolt would be hopeless—as our Secretary of State has admitted that it now is behind the Iron Curtain.

Anyone who regards this as an absurd test should at least be reminded that reduction to absurdity is a common device by which teachers demonstrate the essential fallacy of a proposal.

There is, in the Hart Act, an even greater absurdity. The first part of its oath requires the teacher to "support and defend" the constitution of his state. This constitution contains a section headed "Right of Revolution," which reveals that the wise men who drafted it in 1792 foresaw the precise possibility discussed above. They reserved forever to the people the right to change their government by force if it should be corrupted. Yet the second part of the Hart Act oath compels the teacher *not* to advocate what the first part requires him to support and defend!

Admirers of the Hart Act have explained to me that it is absurd for an organ of government to cherish the means of its own destruction, and that consequently the "right of revolution" clauses in this and several other state constitutions have always been void. It seems an offhand way of nullifying the basic law. If one group of citizens can call a particular, far-sighted constitutional provision void because absurd, when it obstructs their particular project, why should not another group use the same argument upon a lesser and recent part of the law; the statute which embodies the oath that produces the absurd conflict?

Many provisions have been imbedded in constitutions precisely because, in times of stress, the temporary reasons for abandoning first principles do become temptingly expedient. Article 10 of the New Hampshire Constitution, which protects the right of revolution found an expedient positive application, after 141 years, when the state's Supreme Court cited it in a labor case. It appears to have been conveniently valid then, in 1933. I find no evidence of a reversal since that year, to make it conveniently invalid now, for the lawmakers.

Our problem here is more with the minds of teachers, and with distinctions which seem to make it difficult for legislators to comprehend the teacher's problem. Legalists seem to forget, for example, that in the task of applying the principles of the law, the legal mind is doing its best half of the time to establish something that is not so, and that sometimes it succeeds. We all should be grateful for this worthy oddity of the system of justice, since access to equally competent counsel is necessary to assure justice to both winner and loser. But it is very different from the task of the teacher, whose mind, by dedication and specific training, must all of the time seek to establish what is so: the truth. If we expect him to do that, his mind has a special claim to be free of all arbitrary restraint.

There is a risk, in this freedom, as there is in all great causes. But can it be argued that the risk of putting chil-

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dren under the control of free minds has any resemblance, in the count of ruined lives, to the risk of letting them learn to use our motor cars?

The above abstract discussion deals with some deep roots of intellectual honesty—matters of the highest concern to teachers who value their integrity. There are practical, more obvious reasons as well for doubting that the interests of our youth can be well served by legislative investigations and teachers' oaths.

For example, Article 1 of the Hart Act says, "No person shall advocate Communism as a political doctrine . . . in any . . . state approved school." What is advocacy? What is Communism? Lawyers expect judges to interpret these legislative phrases. In the meanwhile the teacher, as always, has to define his own terms. If he is unsure of what judge and jury might think, except that they probably would not think exactly as he does, he may be so cautious as to injure the basic objective of teaching the truth.

Why? Well, consider what happens when an instructor gives an examination on matters no more subtle than definitions of "advocacy" and "Communism." He finds that most of his students have garbled somewhat the specific statements they have heard him make in his lectures. A few have almost completely misunderstood what he said. Do the legislators who think to solve a grave problem with a glib oath and an investigation ever take this situation into account?

Partial misunderstanding is the continuous, necessary state of affairs in the business of teaching, even in subjects that leave no meaningful room for dispute over facts and methods.

If all students wrote perfect examination papers, we would be warned that the pace of instruction was far too slow. Yet, when partial misunderstanding of the best efforts at clarity is every teacher's daily experience, how can he know what will be misconstrued as advocacy by some legislator's unsuspected nephew in the back row?

Not so long ago a colleague of mine showed some motion pictures he had taken on a South Sea atoll. He told how all the men would get together to build each individual's house or canoe. He said that the catch of fish was equally divided among all families, even when only one man caught anything. I would have had little respect for the powers of observation of any student who failed to recognize aspects of Communism on the atoll. The professor carefully avoided the word. Was he guilty of an evasive piece of advocacy in presenting his technicolor idyll without a specific warning that these happy people were practicing Communists? A few years ago, any teacher would have described the atoll society in honest terms. Nowadays he is faced by choices that are really sinister to anyone whose first duty is to serve the truth.

Should this objective contribution to our knowledge of man be suppressed? If we dare show it, should the aspects of Communism be indicated without comment, or explained as economic necessities in a most unusual environment, or deplored, or ignored? And—whichever the choice—what might the legislator's nephew write home to mother? What would the report sound like when it reached uncle? Would uncle think the law had been broken? If he sought to prove it, the testimony would be that of students who—on their examination papers—chronically demonstrate a willingness to bear earnest false witness against what teacher really said.

Another instance: When Vice-President Nixon was a Representative, I once asked him at luncheon whether he approved of the assignment of the *Communist Manifesto* as required reading for all seniors in a course he had just addressed. He said, "No." Then he said, "Yes." As he seemed to think the implications through on the spot, he decided that it was a proper assignment in colleges, but not in high schools. College graduates who had read the document would be better prepared to confront a world in which its influence had been enormous.

I wondered afterward whether the majority of voting citizens are better off if they are ignorant of the roots of the central world issue of their lifetimes. And yet, it is

Declaration of the Free Mind

AS A MEMBER OF MANKIND, I have the right of access to all factual knowledge, in any form, in any place. But I have the duty of a private person to respect personal records that have not been freely granted into the realm of knowledge. The withholding of any other sort of information is an act of expediency, to be corrected as soon as possible.

I have the right to consider all questions and issues. But it is my duty to do so with an open mind. Therefore I can regard no general theory of society or interpretation of history as infallible or final.

I have the right to express tentative opinions. But I acknowledge a duty to discard, as prejudice, any opinion which I am unable to defend in fair discussion. My use of the Socratic method, or of any other indirect form of argument, is not a sound basis upon which to determine or judge my views.

I have the right of free association in my search for truth. But it is equally my duty to be vigilant against deceitful counsels. The only proper inference, from the fact of my association with any person or group, is my desire to get information at first hand.

I have the right to persuade others to accept my views. And I have the duty of attempting to convert those whose views I regard as dangerous to human freedom. The possibility of conversion rests upon the right of any person to achieve full redemption from all past errors, except capital crimes.

I have the right to privacy of opinion and belief. It is always my duty to give my opinion upon questions of fact in a legal action. But no one shall constrain me against my conscience to reveal my beliefs in any other place than in a court of law. ALEXANDER LAING

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a document that has enlisted the loyalty of very clever men. How can teachers know that this will not happen again to some whom they expose to it? Of course, they cannot know. They are confronted by the ancient question: Is ignorance preferable to knowledge, merely because there always will be some men who will seem, in the opinion of the rest, to put knowledge to fanatical uses?

Rep. Edward J. Hart said, at a hearing on his Bill, "I don't want you teachers to teach Communism. I do want you to teach *about* these termites." It seemed a perfectly clear distinction to him. Its lack of clarity, for the guidance of conscientious teachers, should be apparent from the instance I have given of life on an atoll. Because of oath laws, and the hovering specter of legislative investigations, teachers tend to evade altogether the one subject with which most of our youth will have to deal sooner or later, perhaps in the most tragic, disastrous terms. Who then will be primarily responsible if our side confronts the ultimate contest in a generation shackled by ignorance of the nature of its opponent?

I HAVE YET to meet a teacher who quarrels with the broad objectives of anti-subversive investigations and legislation, although most regard the particular measures and procedures as unwise and unnecessary in fact. It is clear to us why parents should be worried over the one-sided situation of a mature, trained mind controlling impressionable children. But have parent and law-maker no memory of the maverick? There is one in almost every class, wholly devoted to the opposite side of all arguments. We have also the competition, between teachers, to capture the student imagination. Professor I. A. Richards has called it "the cold war of the subjects." What one teacher says is cited in another teacher's class. Subversive indoctrination will be quickly detected by colleagues, who can be trusted to maintain their profession's integrity.

And yet, the notion that teaching can be made a 100-percent-pure profession is as foolish as a reliance upon the 100-percent honesty of bank tellers. They likewise are selected with care, and bonded in addition. But from time to time one of them still absconds with the boodle. Would he have been deterred by an oath that he does not belong to an organization that advocates the plundering of banks?

The teacher who calls a particular oath degrading and ineffectual is not seeking to evade an obligation properly required of other public or professional employees. He is objecting to a device which at best is futile. It seems of itself to have revealed no subversives. And he notes that it has in fact produced disastrous negative effects upon the educational process, as it did at the University of California.

To say that teachers should not object to what other servants of the public must do is to ignore the very special, dual nature of the teacher's task: to find what truth is, and to convey what is true. It also misses a great distinction between kinds of oaths, centering in the one word "conscience." Actually there are three main forms of oath in use, singly or in combination: three ways of swearing.

1. *Political.* There is the simple oath of allegiance.
2. *Religious.* There is the oath to be bound by conscience, before God or any other source of moral authority, in testifying, trying and voting.
3. *Disciplinary.* There is the negative oath to refrain, under specific penalty, from specified acts of faith or of advocacy.

I have found that there is a sad confusion among teachers themselves over the different moral qualities of these three separate kinds of oaths.

Persons who give and consider evidence which may send a fellow human being to death have to swear only on the basis of conscience—conscience kept entire, to operate as an absolute and final test of all truth. Yet teachers often are required to swear that they will teach only what legislators say they may teach. The moment this happens, conscience is damaged in some measure. However sincere the legislator may be, and even if the two are in agreement, the teacher has surrendered his function and has become a propagandist. The extent of this surrender may seem trivial to the layman. Yet, it is a cancerous, pervasive triviality. It sends tiny, blighting filaments from the one focal point in many directions. The teacher who once spoke the truth as he saw it, bluntly and directly, at all times, on all matters, now finds himself watching for the inference coming up, and wondering about misconstructions of what he has just uttered. He makes joking references to the climate of fear, when he should be deeply serious. He interjects such remarks as, "Watch that one. It might contain a subversive thought." The tiny focus of distrust, between legislator and teacher, is strangely enlarged and hovers between teacher and student. It does not take much of this to destroy the sensitive student-teacher relationship of trust, upon which all honest learning depends.

Administrators have seized with relief upon one formula: they will not knowingly employ anyone whose allegiance to the party line prevents him from freely knowing and teaching the truth. But this glib objection to the Communist teacher has embarrassing corollaries: a free teacher must not be bound by any prior doctrine which limits his free objectivity in seeking and teaching the truth. Some religions, and most teacher's oaths, do precisely that.

I believe, of course, that special oaths for teachers are unnecessary. But if anyone should feel better, it would not be difficult for us to devise an oath having the moral dignity of those that are administered to witnesses, and jurors, and voters in Vermont. The following form might meet that stipulation:

> In all my efforts to comprehend what truth is, and to teach what is true, I shall follow only the guidance of my own conscience, without fearing or favoring any creed or doctrine, or person.

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Which Patch on the German Uniform?

The butcher, the baker and the Wehrmacht veteran wait to be told by their leaders.

by Frank Tollman

TRAVELING on a German streetcar the other day I got into conversation with the conductor. After a few stops he told me about his big problem. It wasn't money. He had a good job, security and fairly good pay. But he'd been getting letters from Bonn; a stream of mail had been coming to this veteran of 12 years in the Wehrmacht from the Blank Office. And the last letter had told him to get ready to step back into his lieutenant's uniform on short notice. What should he do?

Elsewhere former German professional soldiers are faced with similar problems. Officers' and non-commissioned officers' associations have suddenly been vitalized. They hold meetings at which the opportunities in the old career are discussed.

This interest on the part of the professionals is understandable. It is clear now—no matter how much talk there has been about "a citizen's army" and "citizens in uniform"—that the nucleus if not the majority of the German units will be recruited from among old Wehrmacht veterans. The organization, the enlistment and training program is all set; only the patch on the uniform, NATO or EDC, has yet to be decided on.

More disturbing than the professionals' interest, is the general population's disinterest in the details of the army plan. The newspapers, even those who don't take their cut from government spokesmen, have carried very little news or discussion on this vital subject. I asked the self-proclaimed "European" editor of an independent, provincial newspaper about this.

> What do you want me to do to my readers, [he answered excitedly] confuse them altogether? Three years ago about 60 percent of them would have said "No" to any sort of army. Who do you think changed their minds? We did! The politicians and we 'publicists. I kept hammering on my people every day, and it paid off, as the elections showed. Now I think they've earned a little rest. I don't want to worry them about details of how to form an army. They're not interested, and besides it's up to the French to do something now.

Nor are many other Germans interested in anticipating the possibly very short Bundestag discussion (there'll be great pressure to push a bill through quickly) about how democratic the army is going to be, about how it is going to be kept subservient to civil authority, about how the generals are going to be selected, and once selected, kept in check. Only one German youth organization, the Catholic Youth group, has put itself on the record.

It says something for the state of German public life that it is left to the Catholic Youth—the Chancellor's own court-following—to represent public opinion on a big national question. It illustrates the failure of our attempt to encourage German women's clubs, trade associations and church groups to speak up on broad issues of public policy. For in Germany today the butchers, the bakers and the house-wives stick to their own business as they have through past centuries, if they've known what's good for them.

We can perhaps accept the fact that we've failed to change the traditional German pattern in this respect, but what should alarm us is that the traditional opposition has itself been pretty silent. Out-voted, outmaneuvered, Germany's only opposition party, the Social Democratic, is today a sadly ineffectual instrument which cannot in its present state be counted on successfully to combat any subtle trends toward authoritarianism.

When after Korea the United States first began to broach the reestablishment of German armed forces, the Socialists were loud, vigorous and to the point. Anticipating the adoption of the Pleven (EDC) Plan by two months, Kurt Schumacher declared in August, 1950:

> Military experts are indispensable . . . but from the German side it would be advisable not to put the opinion of the military experts too much in the foreground. The Germans incline too much to bow to military judgments, and to draw general political consequences from them afterwards.

By exploiting the anti-rearmament sentiment, Schumacher seemed for a while to be leading the SPD to success. The results in the Fall, 1950, state elections gave the Socialists great hope for the future. "Here perhaps is our great chance of getting out of 'the sack'," said the functionaries who followed Schumacher. "If we can hold onto the traditional party electorate—roughly 30 percent—and enlist the support of the middle class and young voters who went over to us in the state elections, we have a good chance of winning in '53," they declared.

Then things began to change. The German public began to see the advantages of once again having an

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army; the middle class, once again prosperous, remembered its old mistrust of "the Reds"; and many felt the lack of a positive policy in the party's attitude toward European unification. Those Socialists who demurred and privately pressed for a changed policy were shushed by the functionaries, who followed Schumacher like sheep to a promised pasture. Then Schumacher died.

It is probable that not even a man with the strength and appeal of three Schumachers could have carried the party close to victory in 1953 on the program worked out in 1948-50, and in part dependent on slogans dating to the pre-World War I period. Under Ollenhauer the party came down in defeat. Schumacher's policy, depending as it did on subtle adjustments, a delicate ear for public feeling and vigor and aptness in public expression, proved altogether too much for Ollenhauer.

Not only did the SPD not succeed in forcing its way out of "the sack" in September, it was pushed yet further into it. Its negative foreign program, its "Red" tag and Ollenhauer's uninspiring leadership combined to seal its fate. Instead of a hoped-for vote of 40 percent it received only 28.8 percent, a smaller percentage than it had gotten in 1949.

The sad and dangerous extent of the Socialist defeat became apparent all too soon after the returns were in. Adenauer, determined to push through the EDC issue, built his government on the dominating motive of possessing a two-thirds majority which could over-ride the constitutional court appeal which the SPD had entered on the treaty.

Now, with the amendment about to come before the Bundestag the powerlessness of the minority has not been lost on its members: they know that Adenauer can keep on altering most parts of the constitution as long as his coalition holds together. Conscious of its failures, vaguely fearful that a strong man might develop the coalition majority into a machine which will ride roughshod over their claims, the SPD is today ill-fitted to be the strong, effective opposition party which Germany so badly needs.

CONCURRENTLY however, Socialists have been submitting the party leadership to unprecedented criticism. Members, who for years have continued in the well-disciplined party tradition, are speaking out. This revolution is like nothing that has occurred inside the party since the war, nor for a time before Hitler.

The entire party—young members who have been held down by the hierarchy, intellectuals who have seen the sterility of the party's European policy, and, perhaps most importantly, a new crop of "revisionists" who want the party to rid itself completely of its Marxist associations and to grow beyond its working-class label—has joined in the attack.

What the defeat has done is to hurry the inevitable showdown between the old Socialists who still insist that Lenin has perverted "their" true Marx, and the younger members who are interested in building up a broad-base, non-ideological party on the Labour model.

The party leadership ignored the dispute for quite some time, even after some of the more vigorous grass-root criticisms were leaked to the public press. In his Bundestag speech of October 28, Ollenhauer seemed to be drifting with the tide; he was conciliatory and non-dogmatic. But shortly thereafter he made clear that this note was intended to fit the parliamentary situation and had little to do with a possible revision of the party program. Writing in the *Westdeutsche Presse,* he lined himself up solidly with the Marxists and the older functionaries:

> It is the party's task [he wrote] to analyze the present social structure in the spirit of Marx and with Marxian methods. . . . A Social Democratic Party without the symbol of the Red flag would be a party without a heart . . . a party which doesn't address its members as "Comrades" would be a party without blood!

It is not impossible to feel sympathy for the old-timers for whom Ollenhauer wrote, backed up against the wall as they are. But a reading of the press, especially of the pro-SPD papers, commenting on the party leader's statement makes it evident that the future belongs to the revisionists. Attacking the unwillingness to leave Marx behind, the *Bamberger Tag,* a pro-Socialist provincial paper wrote:

> We think there aren't a dozen SPD men in the Bavarian legislature who have read their Marx . . . almost surely less. . . . If they haven't read *Das Capital* then they don't have to let themselves be called Marxists, and if they have read it, some of them might not want to be called Marxists.

The mood of skepticism in the party is high, mixed though it now may be with the simpler wish to find scape-goats for the defeat. To the more impulsive criticisms have been added positive suggestions as to how the party might move. Carlo Schmid, the likable and moderate professor who is one of the Bundestag vice-presidents, has spoken at length on how it must rid itself of ideological ballast while constructing a pragmatic social program that will appeal to the broad mass of voters. His important Munich speech in October was given scant notices in the party press, nor were the Socialists who met in Frankfurt a couple of weeks later to declare themselves for a positive European policy given any kinder treatment from SPD headquarters.

A victory for the critical element in the SPD may be a long way off yet, but the heat aroused in the struggle gives hope of new vitality. From the battle may develop hitherto hidden leadership talent capable of meeting such stresses as the new uniforms and the new feeling of national power will almost surely produce in Germany. Once it has found the ground on which it can fight a winning campaign for votes, the party may yet surprise the smug politicians now in the ministries. It may even succeed in battling its way permanently out of the "30-percent sack."

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Extinguishing the Visiting Firemen

by S. I. Nadler

Stephen Potter is, of course, the author of three major works: Gamesmanship, *or* the art of winning games without actually cheating; Lifemanship, *or* the art of getting away with it without being an absolute plonk; *and* One-Upmanship. *Among his disciples is Seymour I. Nadler, a Foreign Service Officer now stationed at Singapore. The following is excerpted from his paper printed in the September* Foreign Service Journal.

SINCE STEPHEN POTTER seems to be taking his own sweet time getting around to writing about Foreign Serviceship, I feel that it is necessary to get the basic points into print as a public service, even at the risk of later being sued for anticipatory plagiarism. . . .

Always with the foreign-service officer in the field is the visiting fireman from Washington. The basic rule is: "He must ruthlessly be crushed."

Directly the visiting fireman steps off the plane, say to him, making it more a weary accusation than an interested question, "I suppose you'll want to do some shopping?" He is stymied. If he agrees, he admits the truth of your implied allegation that this is a junket and not, as advertised, "a trip in order to acquaint myself firsthand with conditions as they exist in Ipecac." If he says no, then he will have to shop surreptitiously (and probably pay far too much) for an Ipecacian Jade Cuspidor with Built-in Opium Lamp, without which his wife advised him he had better not come home, what with taking off on a junket to sunny Ipecac and leaving her in mid-winter Washington with three children and a malfunctioning oil furnace. In any event, he pauses, before lying one way or the other, and half your battle is over. . . .

The visiting fireman shopping surreptitiously.

Sooner or later, no matter how much you have beaten him down, the visiting fireman will ask you about Communism in Ipecac today. Use the *Generality-of-Specifics:*

> When I received my assignment, I reviewed all I knew about Ipecac. When we sailed on the *S. S. Malaria,* I took all the latest newspaper and magazine clippings. But after one lives here for 20 (or three or 27) months, one really knows the Ipecacian psychology. One speaks to the *ashkurd* vendors, to workers in the *fortzmuzz* factories, to *voosdance* girls; one travels out to the *kratzkratz* plantations; one mingles with visiting *framis* exporters from Lower Nembutal. Well, what more need one say? The situation of Communism today in Ipecac is certainly no surprise.

. . . The principal officer calls you privately to his office and says, "Huppentarten, I've been following with a great deal of interest your analyses of the Neo-Fascist Left-of-Center Conservative Democratic Radical Party." Two things are immediately apparent: (1) he has pronounced your name correctly for the first time since you entered on duty as Vice Consul at Rinsewater; (2) somebody has read one of your dispatches. The reference to watching your work (or night-blooming begonias or second wife) with a great deal of interest alerts you immediately to the fact that there are going to be some changes made. You must immediately recall all unfinished unpleasant chores in the consulate (the executive officer's daughter needs tutoring in Basic English to pass the entrance exams for the exclusive Mme. Cretin's School for Selected Backward Children; somebody has to devote six weeks to supervising indigenous plumbers so that the toilets in government-owned residences will flush without inundating the bathrooms. . . . You stand or fall on the speed with which you deliver your *Intermediate Counter-Flimflambit*: "Thank you for your interest, sir, by the way, did you happen to know that Vice Consul Smothers took honors in English? (or revised the filing system and got a commendation for same at his last post?)."

People attend cocktail parties, which they do not really wish to attend, because they fear that, in not attending, they will not be seen by other people who attend without wanting to because they are also afraid they will not be seen, and so on *ad martini.* The basic rule for cocktail parties is: always drink standing up. When you feel like sitting down, it means (a) you have had enough to drink and (b) better not sit down. If, on the other hand, you drink sitting down, then when you feel like lying down, it means (a) you have had too much to drink and (b) better not lie down.

Conversation at cocktail parties entails no special study. Keep your ears open at your first cocktail party. It will come easily after that. You will soon notice that, although the people at cocktail parties sometimes change, the conversation never changes. Giving a cocktail party is as simple as but more expensive than attending one. These are the basic steps: (1) Stock up with standard liquors and gin, plus one bottle of Tequila, Avacado Liqueur, *or* Slivovitz (*Note:* There is always one guest who requests something different. Whatever he requests, serve him Tequila, Avacado Liqueur, or Slivovitz, and he will state that it is excellent whatever-it-was-that-he-asked-for); (2) Send out invitations; (3) Step aside.

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LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

AMERICAN NOVELS SINCE THE WAR

by Malcolm Cowley

AN ESSAY as short as this, dealing with a subject as broad as postwar American fiction, has to be a sort of aerial survey, not critical but topographical. Looking down as if from a slow observation plane, we examine the jumbled landscape to learn what it reveals. We can scarcely see the people, let alone hearing them talk, but at least we can see their fields, their roads, and where these converge in groups of houses, each different from any other group.

The largest of the groups is composed of novels about the armed services in World War II. There are now so many of the novels, by such a varied company of authors, that one can find, if not a published book, then at least a manuscript about every arm and rank of all the services in every theatre of operations and in every major battle from Pearl Harbor to Okinawa—not to mention other novels about occupation troops, prisoners of war, soldiers and sailors on leave, and patients in psychiatric hospitals. It is as if a commission in Washington had summoned a meeting of all the novelists and had given each of them the task of writing one volume about a single phase of the conflict. And it is as if the chairman of the commission had said, "Some of you can be original, to lend variety to the undertaking, but we expect the rest of you to use the same methods and approximately the same style, so that the volumes will fit together into a vast collective history of the war."

Many of the novels are so much alike that dialogues and episodes could be transposed from one to another without a change except in names. There are indeed a few individualists among the authors: notably there is James Jones, who is the only one to write about the Army as an institution and a permanent way of life; there is Norman Mailer, who has a political sense that is rare among writers of his generation; and there is the late John Horne Burns, with the strained but persuasive lyricism that he achieved in *The Gallery*, and never achieved again; but these and a few others are exceptions. Most of the authors write like contributors to a symposium. Although the sameness of their novels is their great defect as separate works, it is also a virtue of the undertaking as a whole. Together the novels form a production of lasting value, one that may well be richer and more complete than the contemporary account we possess of any nation's part in any other war.

Even in a topographical survey I should make two other remarks about the second-war novels. The first is that, on the average, they are better written than all but a few of the war novels produced in the 1920s. Fictional methods, and especially the technique of presenting "what really happened in action"—to borrow a phrase from Hemingway—have been refined during the last quarter-century, and young writers have been quicker to learn the methods. A second remark is that in general the sense of historical perspective has to be supplied by readers of the novels as a group, since it is singularly lacking in most of the individual novelists.

Most of them write as if they were immersed in the war and as if, instead of being an exterior event to describe, it had become an inner condition of their lives. Their state of mind is expressed by one of the two principal characters in *Point of Honor*, by M. L. Kadish, a thoughtful and neglected novel about the fighting in Italy. The character is Sergeant Holloway, who goes into action with a battery of howitzers. As the guns fire, "Holloway eases into a kind of peace. Now he lives compact within the space of action. He can eye the present the way he saw a small snake eye a bird's nest once before the war."

Many of the novels give us just such a narrow-focused, intent and snake's-eye picture of the fighting. Even when the novelist, in imagination, soars over the battlefront, his picture is lacking in perspective. Lieutenant Evans, the other hero of *Point of Honor*, is an artillery observer in a Piper Cub who muses as the battle unrolls beneath him. "Had he thought once that the war had an issue? Anti-fascism, perhaps? Under aerial observation, war shed issues. War was Fact, Thing-in-Itself, Existence sheer beyond argument; it spoke from the Rapido and beyond. 'I AM THAT I AM,' it declared to you. 'I AM MY OWN JUSTIFICATION'." In general the novelists do not presume to judge the war. They do not think much about its causes or consequences and, unlike the novelists of the other war, they do not rebel against it. Their heroes accept the war as they would an earthquake and try to do their best in the circumstances.

A second group of postwar novelists includes the authors of what might be called the "new" fiction, to correspond with the new criticism. Like almost all the influential critics, many of the novelists are employed by universities, usually in the department of English. They listen to the critics, perhaps too intently, and try to win their grudging approval. Both critics and novelists are more interested in problems of structure and texture than they are in subject matter or ideas. If there are ideas in the novels they are seldom directly expressed and the social subject matter is nearly nonexistent.

The new fiction represents the extreme point of a reaction from "social realism" as practised in the 1930s. The new fictionists—I am thinking of young men and women like Frederick Buechner, Jean Stafford, Truman Capote, Robie Macauley and Paul Bowles, to mention a few of the more talented—are determined not to deal with public issues or social environments. Instead they try to give their stories a permanent human value by writing about the moral dilemmas of individuals, usually in isolated situations where the dilemmas can be studied like specimens in a laboratory.

Favorite settings are plantation houses on the point of collapse, abandoned summer hotels, decaying villages in Georgia or East Texas, lonely ranches in Colorado and the international colony in Rome or Tangier. Favorite themes are the initiation of a pre-adolescent boy or girl into the knowledge of sex or evil (as in *Other Voices, Other Rooms* and

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The Mountain Lion), an adulterous love affair as seen through the eyes of a child (as in how many novels), a wise old woman's death and its effect on her family, and a young woman's flight from reality into the womblike comfort of drugs, nymphomania or catatonic dementia (as in *The Sheltering Sky*). Women are likely to play the more active roles in the stories; the heroes are dummies or victims. There are scores of novels, published or in manuscript, that describe the ruin of a sensitive and truly artistic young man by his possessive mother.

It would not be accurate to say that the new fiction never presents a political idea. One that has been dramatically suggested in many novels, including some but not all of those with a Southern background, is the foolishness of racial prejudice. Another common idea is the weakness and cowardice of liberals and still another, expressed in terms of character, is the selfishness of reformers. Some of the novelists like to hint that their sentiments are conservative and often they depict very old men and women admiringly, as if to demonstrate that the past, with its simple codes of conduct, is better than the present.

The fact remains that most of the ideas to be deduced from the new fiction are moral rather than political or social. Usually they can be translated into statements of a highly generalized type: for example, "Evil is in the human heart"—which is the hidden thesis of many "new" novels—"Ripeness is all," "Little children, love one another!"—for the novelists like to use the words "love," "good" and "compassion"—and very simply, "Mother was to blame."

Another large group of postwar fiction is composed of naturalists—if we give a broad meaning to the term and apply it to any novelist who is primarily interested in his subject matter. The naturalists like to write about a community or a social environment. Some of their postwar subjects are a small city with its interwoven lives (*Sironia, Texas*), a Midwestern county over the years (*Raintree County*), the Chicago slums (*Knock at Any Door*), the motion-picture business (*What Makes Sammy Run*), a boys' military school (*End as a Man*) and the younger generation on the Pacific Coast (*Corpus of Joe Bailey*).

The central themes of such novels are usually quite simple. In some the protagonist—we can't often call him a hero—is warped by his environment, tempted into crime, and ends in the electric chair. In others he succeeds in business because of faults that keep him from being truly human. In still others he fights false social standards and achieves a sort of emotional maturity. Since the novelist is interested in the mechanism of social success or failure, and since he deals at length with many other characters who cross the path of the hero-victim-villain, he ends by writing a very long book. If a manuscript comes to a publisher's office in a single neat folder, it is likely to be new-fictional. If it arrives in a suitcase or a wooden packing box, it is either historical or naturalistic.

As a group the naturalists are more interested in the exterior drama of events than they are in achieving psychological depth. They pay comparatively little attention to the inner structure and texture of their novels. In their huge manuscripts a few of the episodes will be grotesquely swollen, and the editorial reader will blue-pencil them, while other episodes will be lacking in detail. The style is likely to be conventional or pedestrian. Frank Norris—not Dreiser—was the grandfather of most of the present-day naturalists and he often expressed his contempt for careful writing. "What pleased me most in your review of *McTeague*," he said in a letter to Isaac Marcosson, "was 'disdaining all pretensions to style'. It is precisely what I try most to avoid. I detest 'fine writing', 'rhetoric', 'elegant English'—tommyrot. Who cares for fine style! Tell your yarn and let your style go to the devil. We don't want literature, we want life." Yet Norris' novels are full of "fine writing" in the bad sense and usually end with a deep-purple passage.

Most of the present-day naturalists have followed Norris, both in his contempt for elegant English and in his failure to see that he sometimes wrote with bogus elegance. There are others, however, who show a sense of respect for the sound, the color and the infinite possibilities of the English language. While retaining the naturalistic interest in subject matter, they have tried to get beneath the surface of events and to present their characters as felt persons, not as observed specimens. Sometimes they transform the naturalistic story into a tone poem of anger or longing or mystery or degradation.

At this point I am describing what is really another group of postwar novels, smaller in number and harder to define than the three preceding groups, but perhaps no less important. Indeed it seems to me that novels like *The Man with the Golden Arm*, by Nelson Algren, *The Invisible Man*, by Ralph Ellison, *Lie Down in Darkness*, by William Styron—for its last two chapters—and recently *The Adventures of Augie March*, by Saul Bellow, represent the most hopeful tendency now to be found in American fiction. The work of such novelists has faults, easy to discern, but these are the price they pay for taking chances that the new fictionists have refused to take. They deal with human characters, involved in human dilemmas, but don't make the mistake of presenting them as if they were divorced from society.

There are other good novels in all the classifications I have been trying to map as if from a distance. That is the weakness of a topographical or taxonomic survey: it indicates the sort of qualities, usually weaknesses, that are common to a group, but not the more important qualities that make a novel survive as a separate work of art.

Take for example *The Member of the Wedding*, by Carson McCullers. From the standpoint of our survey it belongs to the genus New Fiction, species Southern, variety Coming to Knowledge of Pre-adolescent Girl (or *rite de passage*) and thus can be filed away with half a dozen books by other writers. What the survey does not reveal is that it is written with an intensity of feeling and a rightness of language that the others fail to achieve; it has the power over the reader of a perfectly spoken incantation. Or take a rather neglected novel by Harriette Arnow, *Hunter's Horn*. This time the genus is Naturalism (with symbolic overtones), the species Hillbilly, the variety Obsessive Pursuit of a Wild Animal. Once again the survey does not reveal the special quality of the novel, which is partly the poetry of earth, partly the sense of a community and partly a sort of in-feeling for the characters that makes it better than any other novel about the Kentucky hill people since Elizabeth Madox Roberts' *The Time of Man*.

The postwar period in American fiction has not produced any novels that the future is likely to call great—only the future is entitled to speak of greatness—but it has produced many works, famous or neglected, that are unique in

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their species and deserve to be read for years to come. The faults of the period are easy to indicate, even at the end of this very brief survey. Most of the authors—not only war novelists but new fictionists and naturalists as well—have shown a peculiar lack of the historical sense; they can write "time passed," but they rarely give us the feeling of experienced time. They have been generally timid in their choice of subjects and characters and wanting in deep convictions.

As justification for timidity they can plead the dangers of this age, which has not been friendly to experiments in living or thinking. Yet the age has produced fundamental changes in the American character without producing equal changes in the novels, most of which are traditional in their form, as in their sense of life. The novelists are serious, skillful and perceptive, but one feels that most of them are without a definite direction—not stumbling, or not enough, but walking briskly, heads erect, eyes forward, within fences that mark the limit of their explorations. If they learn that the fences can be climbed, as I believe they will, we may enter a new period in American writing.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

by Eric Bentley

THE PROFOUNDEST analyst of American culture, Tocqueville, suggested that democracy was not conducive to democratic art. And the twentieth century, without removing any of the obstacles to theatre which the French critic listed, has added a few more, notably the movies in its second decade, radio in its third, and TV in its fifth. This being so, the surprising fact is not that the theatre is harassed but that it exists at all. Nowhere have the substitutes for theatre been so developed and accepted as in America. Yet there is still an American theatre. Why?

One thing we have learned is that in the present phase of history one medium's gain is not always the other's loss: the phonograph record has enlarged, not depleted, the audience at symphony concerts. The theatre affords, perhaps, no precise analogy to this famous triumph in the musical field. The old "road" theatre *was* largely wiped out by the movies; the Broadway public *is* very small compared with the movie and TV public. Nonetheless, the spread of community and university theatres goes some way toward replacing the road companies. And, in New York there is a wide response to almost any good play when it has a good—or even just a glossy—production. In short, the idea that the theatre is dying—like certain churches—because the public has lost interest and is busy elsewhere is simply not true.

Professionally, the theatre retains the primacy which many of us believe to be its natural right; it is by virtue of no empty traditionalism that the theatre page (or column) precedes movies, radio and TV in the papers or takes precedence over them in a magazine like *NR*. The three newer arts remain to a remarkable extent parasites: they draw talent from the theatre, not vice versa. When we hear of a movie actor appearing on the stage, we find either that he was stage-trained or that he is no good. There is of course the third possibility: that he has had stage training *and* is no good; he *had* to go to Hollywood.

We are reminded that, in the early days of film, an actor had to come from the stage, there being nowhere else for him to come from. Isn't it possible, we are asked, for some other medium to become the main source of supply? It is possible, we have to reply, but there is no sign of its happening. On the contrary, one has only to attend a few TV rehearsals to see how utterly TV producers depend upon a technique of acting that could never have been acquired—nor even, perhaps, maintained—under the conditions they impose. Some of these conditions could be changed, though they probably won't be. Others seem to be inherent. The stage alone offers the actor full play—allows him to give a performance in an unbroken curve and places him in direct emotional contact with his audience. That is why real actors are dissatisfied with the substitutes.

The theatre exists. The snag is that it does not exist spaciously and variously enough to satisfy any of those who have its interests at heart. The producer's point of view has been that entertainment the public doesn't pay for, the country can do without. There is common sense in this; and, even in art, the businessman is far less of a fool than other people. A show doesn't get to be a hit without meeting standards of showmanship. There is more fun, more craftsmanship, even more art in the average commercial show than in the average serious play. The serious play as currently known to Broadway is a bore and an imposition. The cry of pain that goes up when reviewers pan these plays is emitted either by interested parties or disinterested muddleheads. Why should a businessman invest in anything other than, say, *South Pacific*, when *South Pacific* has the artistic as well as the economic edge? The nest of serious theatre has been fouled by a foolish subintelligentsia.

Yet—we must convince our prospective investor—there *is* a need for a non-commercial, or less commercial, theatre. In part that need derives precisely from the theatre's primacy among the arts of entertainment: in order to make money in radio, movies and TV, invest it in actors, invest it in theatre. Then again, the commercial theatre itself needs a non-commercial division. I believe I am uncovering no secret when I say that the impetus toward the creation of a professional experimental theatre at Columbia University is coming, not from "serious playwrights," but from the author and the composer of *South Pacific*, Rodgers and Hammerstein. They know that workers in the theatre need a training ground, and that there is a public—if not always a large and wealthy one—for other shows besides *South Pacific*. I do not mean that the audience for a non-commercial show must always be small and poverty-stricken. The box-office of a small art theatre often has occasion to rob the rich. And perhaps the strongest of all arguments in favor of a subsidy for theatre is that it opens the doors to millions who would otherwise never pass through them; by subsidy, we can lower the prices and admit the people who otherwise take their dollar to the movies. Hence, the subsidized theatre, far from being an attempt to force something down "the public's" throat, is a democratic institution, signalizing a refusal to limit the audience to the well-to-do. Yet it is not a threat to the commercial theatre. In Paris, commercial and subsidized houses live side by side in reasonable amity. And one notes that, artistically, they do each other a lot of good.

It may be thought that in invoking the European idea of subsidy I have wandered too far from the situation in America. Here we have yet to repeal the entertainment tax; and even when that step has been taken, we shall perhaps have to forego the word Subsidy (like the word Socialism) so as not to

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antagonize such cultural isolationists as might otherwise be our best friends. But the economics of theatre in America already includes much besides business enterprise. Help for the non-commercial effort is coming from at least three very rich sources: individual philanthropists, local communities (which may mean philanthropists in a group), and the state legislatures. By philanthropists I mean men who are investing money with very little hope of getting it back (let alone with interest) in productions which they happen to like. The community theatre, though not yet as successful, perhaps, as English repertory, has its recognized triumphs in Dallas, Cleveland, Pasadena and not a few other cities. The state legislatures, whatever they may think of Socialism in general or Subsidy in particular, pour money into the theatres of the state universities which—in Wisconsin, say, or Indiana—are among the chief theatres of the region.

In short, the fact that money does not come to our non-commercial theatre in the European way, should not delude us into believing that it cannot come at all. Under the Eisenhower Administration, it may be vain to talk of a federal theatre in the sense of a *Comédie Américaine* but it is not vain to recall that our actual Federal Theatre of the 'thirties was no such thing but rather a brilliant improvisation of a characteristically American sort—a triumphant piece of private enterprise in the public domain. The American way, I take it, is to seize your chances as they come up, for America is a country where you believe —most of the time—that they *will* come up.

AMERICAN ROOTS

MRS. FISHER'S biography is that of an outlook on life — the Vermont outlook; Mrs. Meyer's, the "autobiography of an American woman." Both writers are characteristically American. They are contemporaries. That their expression and interests are so different testifies to the rich variety which, it is pleasant to remember, still exists in our American scene.

The book about Vermont—and, incidentally, about Mrs. Fisher—is, as she suggests, not so much history as to see how Vermont history shaped Vermont character, the "biography of a community." What, for Vermonters, "makes life worth the great effort of living," in their thin, stony soil—"a plain, small, rural American state, never rich, never powerful?" Mrs. Fisher would be the last to suggest that her answer may be a pattern for others; but she feels deeply, and has the artist's gift for recalling "the shared community memory" of the little state, the "internal tranquility" of the "small, sedate towns," the vigorous resistance to outside interference; life "colored by the absence of immense numbers of human beings," so that relations are personal and individual; the thrift, the independence, the respect for human beings—a democracy of the heart. Her Vermont heroes from Ethan Allen to John Dewey and Robert Frost have these qualities—profound if inarticulate; courage and a rebellious independence, a sense of earthy well-being rooted in the soil, a belief in living and letting live.

VERMONT TRADITION, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (Little, Brown; $4.50).
OUT OF THESE ROOTS, by Agnes Meyer (Little, Brown; $4).

Mrs. Fisher dearly loves the Green Mountain Boys, who were not submissive or subservient to the Hudson Valley landlords, whom Mrs. Fisher does not like, the eighteenth century gentlemen who carried on "the great business of making life pleasant for the upper classes"—as Trevelyan put it. These pernicious democratic levellers, as the gentry accurately called the homespun young rustics, would not have agreed with Goethe's dictum that if both are not possible freedom is less desirable than order. Their hunger for land, their independence, their honest and genial coarseness found early expression in Ethan Allen, whom the lawyers and landlords took to be a "foul-mouthed, low-lived, ignorant bar-fly." What his followers found in Ethan Allen was that he could say what they wanted said—they did not want him to tell them what to do. He had a gift of language. When he married his second wife, a handsome, guitar-playing, youngish widow with a quick tongue and a warm heart, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Republic of Vermont, who performed the ceremony, asked him: "Do you, Ethan Allen, promise to marry Fanny Buchanan, agreeable to the laws of God?" the bridegroom answered quickly: "Which God do you mean? If you mean the laws of God as written in the great book of Nature, go on. My sleigh waits at the door."

The book is full of this kind of salty charm. Mrs. Fisher's feeling about Vermont is concrete and rooted. Now and then she realizes that perhaps she has gone a little far and hints that they are no better than other Americans, that peaches and pomegranates do not grow on apple trees, but adds that apples do in Vermont. . . . She recalls her own childhood, so often sent to the cellar with a chisel and a hammer to chip off a supply of sweetenin' from the barrel of maple sugar; or to bring potatoes from the bin, carrots from the box of sand, or onions; to fish out a slippery chunk of salt pork from the brine in a barrel; "to reach down from its hook a fitch of bacon, or a well-smoked shoulder of pork"; to pick pie-apples and eating apples, "the sound, red-necked Northern Spies." The smell of apples mingled with the smell of creosote (not disagreeable to a child) would bring back childhood "with as actual a presence as Proust's famous little madeleine cake."

The best known and most honored of all Vermonters was John Dewey, with his "ingrained democratic bias," his basic courtesy and simplicity of manner, his absolute freedom from any snobbishness, his matter of fact respect for every human being. As Justice Holmes said of *Experience and Nature* Dewey held "so much of life with an even hand." He knew, and Vermonters have always known, that change takes time, that it can come only through growth; that violence cannot produce any lasting change; that the aim of education is to teach children to think not what to think; and that we learn to do by doing. Mrs. Fisher often comes back to these themes. Vermonters, who are not a submissive people, submit to the law that "growth can take place only in the dimension of time," so that we must "try to train our life to the slow, in-the-end triumphant pace of growth." So Vermonters, detesting authority, have been self-disciplined, assuming the responsibility for their own acts. Freedom can be orderly. Anyone has a right to practice variations.

This belief they sustained while so many other states were worshipping the orthodox and the accepted. Thus, a few years ago, when the "repressive superloyalty wave" had begun to sweep over the country, we find the Champlain Valley Teachers Association voting a resolution which, after reciting rather dryly that Democracy was strong enough

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to stand on its own feet, and use "open reasoning" rather than taboos, set forth that "the setting up of a code of orthodox doctrine" and the "suppression of all differing modes of thought" could only "strengthen the spirit of intolerance which in the past has always proved a first step towards dictatorships." No one called the Association either courageous or subversive. Its expression of American opinion was taken for granted.

In 1951 the Attorney General of the United States directed that federal grand juries be drawn in each district to investigate, among other things, activities of the Communist Party. In Vermont, after two and a half months of investigation, the grand jury reported:

> Special consideration was given to the existence of Communists and Communist activities in Vermont. No evidence was presented which seemed to require further evidence by us. It was felt that the situation in Vermont is well understood by the F.B.I. and is properly handled by that Bureau.

At the end of the report the grand jury emphasized its joint duty "to protect the public from criminal activities . . . and . . . to protect individuals who may be unjustly accused." They do not like to be pushed around, these Vermonters.

Mrs. Meyer is charmingly frank, exuberant, uninhibited. "It was not," she confides to us, "until my junior year that my involvements with the opposite sex became almost an obsession. It is a heady business being an attractive young girl, and nobody was more thoroughly spoiled by male adoration than I." She is, too, romantic, and continues: "I valued these passionate friendships as sheer poetry." A few years later as a young woman in Paris it was the same; Paris, where "spring burst into full bloom and my heart danced with animal joyousness at the sight of the world's most beautiful capital"—something we have all felt, as youngsters, but have never quite let go about with such refreshing zest! She met Rodin, who enjoyed her eagerness to learn. A "curiously warm friendship" sprang up between them, which she "had to defend now and then against his sensual attitude toward all women," and she could never explain to him in a convincing manner why she was "unwilling to pose nude on horseback with javelin in hand for a statute of Boadicea." Yet they "became even warmer friends as the result of our argument."

Like Mrs. Fisher she came under the influence of John Dewey at Columbia. He helped her through the frustrations and disappointments of adolescence, counteracting her "Sturm und Drang" with his "inspired common sense."

All her life she experienced a wide range of friendships: Leon Bakst roamed about the house in Washington like a familiar but exotic ghost. Paul Claudel, "one of the most beautiful of those passionate friendships," when he was the French Ambassador to the United States, and was constantly with the Meyers in Washington and at Mount Kisco, made fun of her social work, tried to convert her to Catholicism, and wrote for her "some of his most brilliant religious tracts, several of which he subsequently published." It may be doubted whether the French poet liked another dear friend of hers, Thomas Mann, for whom she was leaving Claudel in Paris to see Mann in Switzerland. Claudel wrote for her:

> My dearest Paul, je vous lâche,
> L'amour comme les fleurs se fane,
> Je m'en vais garder les vaches
> Avec le poete Thomas Mann.

Mann she believes to be the greatest literary craftsman of our day. Born of North German Lutheran parents to the deeply religious Protestant outlook of such a background, it is no wonder that she found so much in Mann—"a nostalgia," she writes, "for all that was musical and good and essentially Protestant in the cultural sense of that tradition, in short, for a Germany which nourished my aesthetic senses throughout an intensely happy childhood." Claudel, she concludes, had "learned to live with himself, but Mann had learned to live with all mankind."

I found the second half of the book less interesting, less sharp and, somehow less convincing, the part dealing with her public life, her activities in all kinds of community work—politics, education, health. With her extraordinary vitality and human awareness of the needs and unfulfillments of Americans, and her faith in their possibilities, one feels that she must have done it all well, and can share her sense of deep satisfaction which only those who have been active in public service can fully understand. But the material is badly organized and gives one the impression of having been put together too hastily.

And these two admirable women, with such different roots and cultures, one bred in the New England country, cautious, concrete, reticent, given to understatement, Yankee to the bone; her contemporary the product of cities, so German, so overflowing, her vast energy spreading in countless directions, with her enormous enthusiasms finding expression in heaped-up adverbs and adjectives—"one has to have felt in one's blood and bones," she writes, "the personal involvement with the natural and social environment, to realize what an inspiring, uplifting, regenerative force it is": these two women, so essentially different, share a few traits which I like to think of as essentially American: they are temperamentally rebellious, instinctively disliking externally imposed authority; rebellious, too, against the cruelties of society, particularly the hateful racial discriminations. Perhaps that quality makes both hate so generously the present intolerance and obscurantism, and particularly the conformity. "The only Negroes who make my heart ache," writes Mrs. Meyer, "are those who think they have to make themselves over to conform to the stilted pattern of behavior that we try to impose on them. . . . The pressure of conformity in our country is powerful. It flattens out most white people; why not the Negro?" They both, in a word, care for freedom more than for authority, if the choice had to be made. And they both are wise enough to know that it will not have to be made here if we sustain our American faith.

FRANCIS BIDDLE

SCARLATTI REDIVIVUS

IN 1906, Alessandro Longo began his edition of the Sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti. This edition, based on a number of manuscript sources (none of them in Scarlatti's own hand) was nearly complete. Printed by Ricordi, in Milan, it ran to eleven volumes and included 545 pieces. Longo arranged the one-movement Sonatas into collections of suites, the order being largely a matter of personal caprice; from Longo's edition, it is impossible to approximate a chronological order or to find any direct relationship between the Sonatas themselves. Longo altered notes from the original, softening the sharp edge of Scarlatti's later style. While Longo's edition is still the most extensive available, it has done little to bring the greater Scarlatti to the attention of a general public.

For twelve years, Ralph Kirkpatrick has been working on Scarlatti with a view to presenting him not in his famil-

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iar guise as an elegant, rather frivolous stylist, but as a formidable, almost revolutionary artist. Kirkpatrick has produced, almost simultaneously, an anthology of sixty Sonatas (published by G. Schirmer) and a book, *Domenico Scarlatti* (Princeton; $10). He has recorded the sixty Sonatas for Columbia, and the records will be issued in the spring. The project was given a magnificent send-off in December when Dumbarton Oaks, in Washington, DC, produced a festival of Scarlatti's music under Mr. Kirkpatrick's direction.

Kirkpatrick's exhaustive research has brought little to light about the composer's life. Until he was some forty years old, Scarlatti was dominated by his brilliant composer-father, Alessandro, and wrote, from what we know of it, only undistinguished instrumental and vocal music in the courtly Italian taste of the period. From what was heard of it at Dumbarton Oaks, this music was inferior to that of Corelli, Handel, and other masters whom Scarlatti knew.

Approaching middle age, Scarlatti accepted a position with the Portuguese court, as music master to the young princess, Maria Barbara. When Maria Barbara married the Spanish crown prince, Scarlatti followed her to Spain, and continued in the employ of the Spanish court until he died, in 1758, at the age of seventy-two. His position seems to have been a minor one; he was eclipsed by other musicians in the court, and little is known of his life in Spain. One of his functions was to provide harpsichord music for his expert royal pupil; he even accommodated the technical requirements of his pieces to the increasing obesity of Maria Barbara. Almost all of Scarlatti's extant later work is this keyboard music, beautifully copied into the queen's leather-bound volumes. None of his own manuscripts for the sonatas have been found.

Kirkpatrick has given the sonatas a new set of numbers, corresponding to their positions in the original sets, when the separate copies do not conflict. These K. numbers (K. for Koechelpatrick) indicate that when Scarlatti was fifty-two years old, he was only at the edge of what he was to develop, at the age of sixty-eight, into his final style. If Kirkpatrick's data are correct, more than half of Scarlatti's entire Sonata output was composed during the last four years of his life. These late Sonatas are characterized by a dissonance in sonority and a caprice in form that violate every canon of taste and method that the eighteenth century knew or that the nineteenth century was to know.

Working like a twentieth century composer, Scarlatti applied his tremendous knowledge of and experience with the methods and manners of the past to create a style which belonged to himself rather than to his age. As Scarlatti became more prolific, his late style grew in flexibility. So far as we know, most of his late music was for keyboard, but at Dumbarton Oaks, Jennie Tourel sang a magnificent and very late *Salve Regina* which beautifully demonstrated the application of the style to a more expansive texture.

Kirkpatrick's performance of the Sonatas is beautiful beyond belief. His examination of the Spanish court harpsichords has given him the best possible authority for choosing the registration that Scarlatti himself would have used for the execution of the music. Using a modern harpsichord in a concert room, Kirkpatrick avowedly employs certain devices to enrich and magnify the tone, devices which were unknown to the composer, but he employs these devices to intensify the music rather than to appease the romantically conditioned ear.

As a devoté of his subject, Kirkpatrick tended to overdose his audience with Sonatas at Dumbarton Oaks. He played them in groups of twenty, and on the assumption that there can be too much of a good-but-unfamiliar thing, I rationed my own listening; you will probably want to do the same until you get to know the Sonatas better.

In Kirkpatrick's re-ordering of the Sonatas, the pieces fall into logical groups, usually of two, sometimes of three. Performed in this way, each group assumes an over-all meaning which is somehow greater than the sum of its parts.

Of course, with all the original dissonance restored, the pieces take on stature that is singularly absent in the familiar versions. Hearing them played one senses that Scarlatti has always been an absurdly neglected composer. This situation cannot be corrected completely until somebody publishes a new, really complete edition of the Sonatas, restoring them to the order of Mr. Kirkpatrick's catalog and restoring the dissonances of the original sources. Kirkpatrick's book, his anthology, and his forthcoming recording represent the biggest and most necessary part of the work.

ROBERT EVETT

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE MASK OF INNOCENCE, by François Mauriac (Farrar, Straus and Young; $3).

Wordsworth, in his *Intimations* said something about our coming from God Who is our Home. Once someone asked him where we go; W. W. replied that he was a poet, not a theologian. We doubt if Mauriac would have answered in kind. But this novel again poses the question of who goes where and why, and gets involved with a man befouled with a life imbued with an exaggerated immorality (to make it a more pliable tool for the sake of the novel) who is left dying in a somewhat ambiguous state of grace, and with a priest who does not dare to face even the thought of the pleasures of the world, never even reaching the point where the conflict between his life and his temptation becomes overt. These two men and the antitheses they represent form the structure of the book. It is also, however, on other levels, both an exceedingly lively character study and a psychological murder thriller. It's short, to the point, well-made, and has a gratifying sense of direction. The translation, by Gerard Hopkins, is a little stilted.

AN AUTUMN IN ITALY, by Sean O'Faolain (Devin-Adair; $3.50).

O'Faolain says, in effect, that the measure of the man who travels for pleasure may be taken from the excitement he derives from staring out of train windows at night. Let those who care nothing for such joys forget about this 200-page delight here and now, for the books chief charm is this very excitement which is maintained with only a few lapses through generally lively accounts of his excursions from town to town in Apulia, Calabria and Sicily. Travel books will be travel books, however, and we suspect that a critical appreciation is due only from readers who have had the experience aforehand. Furthermore, this is no Baedeker, nor another *Rome and a Villa,* but a quiet, intimate, moving collection of impressions and opinions. The author (who was born John Whelan, incidentally) possesses an obviously enormous knowledge of the historical implications of wherever and whatever he happens to be visiting, and though it peeps through often enough, it does so gently and unostentatiously.

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From Our Readers

► British Guiana

I should like to take up two questions raised by Cecil Franklin, in your November 30 issue, concerning my article on British Guiana.

First, he wonders why I "take for granted that the People's Progressive Party is beyond question a Communist conspiracy." I didn't take it for granted. It wasn't within the purview of my article to go into that matter. I have done so extensively elsewhere (see *New York Post,* October 29 and 30, and November 1; and *The Reporter,* November 24), and the British White Paper presents a convincing case.

I spent two weeks in British Guiana, before and after London's intervention, and discovered that the PPP is indeed "beyond question" Communist-led. Even Cheddi Jagan, its leader, didn't deny that he is a Communist—when I first interviewed him in August; that he did later, during his visit to Britain, only proves again how deceitful Communists are.

Mr. Franklin quotes the *Manchester Guardian* to cast doubt upon the above contention. I would refer him to the Labour Party, whose leadership became convinced after talks with Jagan and Burnham that they are Communists and that the PPP is very definitely Communist-controlled.

Second, Mr. Franklin asks whether "an external authority" has the right to prevent "a people from adopting a form of government which will ultimately destroy democracy."

Mr. Franklin is here assuming that the British Guianese voted for Communism. They did no such thing. In supporting the PPP they voted for certain improvements in their economic, social and political condition which the PPP promised to bring about and which constituted the party's platform. The PPP did not preach Communism. Had it done so, the people would have rejected the PPP. Here is disclosed the essence of Communism, which is that it disguises its true aims from the people. The PPP adhered strictly to Cominform policy in colonial areas, by posing as a party of reform when in reality its goal is Communist dictatorship.

Thus the issue is not, "under what conditions may a superior force . . . suspend (democracy) in order to preserve its long-run chances," but whether democracies have a right to defend themselves against subversion and conspiracy.

Mr. Franklin would have been on firmer ground had he questioned, as I do, the methods Britain used in this particular case. While there was certainly the danger that the Communists would try to establish a dictatorship *in the future,* there was no evidence that they were planning to do so *in the present.* Britain could have forestalled a possible future attempt by dealing with the present reality *through* the constitution instead of suspending it. (The British Guiana Act empowers the Governor, for example, to prorogue or dissolve the legislature.)

Assuming, however, that there was evidence of an active Red plot to seize Guiana, I would have no compunctions about supporting the British in so drastic a move as suspending the constitution. In real emergencies, it has frequently been necessary for democratic governments to suspend constitutional rights—even those of their own people—in self-defense. I trust that Mr. Franklin, if he concedes the right of Communists to conspire against democracy, does not advocate stripping democracy of the right to defend itself against conspiracy.

New York City DANIEL JAMES

► Subversion Exposed

It has come to my notice that a frankly seditious pamphlet, the first edition of which was illegally published, is being read widely in the universities and colleges (and possibly high schools, too) of this country.

Among the ideas which the author expresses are the following:

1. That censorship and supervision of learning by government are not to be tolerated.

2. That government investigators may not have the specialized knowledge of the men whose work they are investigating, and are therefore likely to be incompetent through ignorance; and that the government is quite as likely to blunder in its choice of investigators.

3. That government investigation and criticism of learning are a reproach to the whole nation, since they imply that the people are simpletons incapable of judging and choosing for themselves.

4. That, on the contrary, the existence of free and unchecked research and discussion is a tribute to the benevolence and a measure of the honesty of the government which permits it. . . .

Unfortunately the writer, John Milton, from whose *Areopagitica* I have extracted these views, is beyond the reach of authority.

Chicago, Ill. R. H. GEE

► The Honesty Oath

What exquisite betrayal!

At first bite I suspected a rotten apple, but, by golly, as Simple Ike says, I'd swallowed half of it before I felt sure Professor Bestor (*NR,* Dec. 14) was being funny. By that time I was too quivering mad to chuckle.

That's what I get for trusting a left-wing publication for intellectual subversives whose reading habits ought to be investigated.

Your publishing his "modest" proposal was tribute to the intelligence of *NR* readers, I suppose, but I do hope most of them were more alert than this working member of the "one-party" press.

Here's a sportsmanlike cheer for the poignant irony of your duplicity, and Mr. Bestor's.

St. Joseph, Mo. JOSEPH DORLAQUE

► Freedom, 1953

Why is it that liberals who attack McCarthyism, the Un-American Affairs Committee, the whole trend to restrict freedom always stress the minor abuses and miss the heart of the danger? This is the premise, implicit in this whole trend, that it is proper for the government to

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exercise control over the thought, belief, speech and peaceful political activities of private citizens and that it is proper for the government to control what opinions and viewpoints and information the public may hear by determining who and what shall be heard in the means of communication, what may be said among the groups forming public opinion: in the colleges and universities, in the churches, in books and magazines.

Day by day the public acceptance of government control in these fields grows greater and the right to exercise such control covers wider and wider territory restricting freedom. Often the control is indirect, not direct, and the form of freedom is kept while the reality is destroyed. Such control is none the less real and dangerous. Yet objections to this trend are usually based on the *way* control is exercised not on the fact of the control itself, though where such control exists it is bound to be unfair. Given the power, those in authority will use it against all people and ideas they disapprove of.

Freedom, individual and political, is dependent, as a practical matter, on government not having control in the field of opinion and belief for obviously it is impossible for free institutions to exist if government can control the thoughts, speech and political activities of its citizens and can determine what viewpoints the public may hear. The forms of free institutions would become as much a mockery as voting in Russia if this were the case. The people, the men and women who make up society, cannot control the government if the government can tell them what they can think and say, what political ideas they may support and decide what opinions they may hear.

The basic freedoms of speech, thought and political action are not merely part of a free way of life. They are the essential conditions necessary if free institutions are to exist. They are the real and vital difference between freedom and tyranny. The day they are destroyed free institutions are destroyed. The latter can no more exist where these rights are not present than a human being can live without air. . . .

Insidiously we are changing from a free society, where all ideas are heard, to an authoritarian one in which there is "freedom" only for the "right" ideas as defined by the government. That is the basic philosophy of every totalitarian state. This trend will never be halted unless there are those who will rise to defend the basic principles of freedom, unless the connection between basic liberties and free institutions are made clear to all the people, unless people are made to realize that our form of government cannot continue to exist if government control of thought and speech goes on. Until this trend to restrict freedom is met and challenged on the grounds of its denial of the whole concept of a free society it will continue to grow.

Watch Hill, R. I. MRS. M. R. OLIVER

► Sherlock Holmes and McCarthy

In these days of Congressional detective stories, with investigating committees rivaling the authors of those 25-cent editions with the startling covers, it is calming to think what would have been the opinion of Sherlock Holmes of the methods of Joe McCarthy. In "The Adventure of the Abbey Grange," Holmes thus addresses his friend, Dr. Watson:

> . . . Your fatal habit of looking at everything from the point of view of a story instead of as a scientific exercise has ruined what might have been an instructive and even classical series of demonstrations. You slur our work of the utmost finesse and delicacy, in order to dwell upon sensational details which may excite, but cannot possibly instruct, the reader.

Madison, Wis. JOHN SCOTT IRWIN

Bandwagon

Rep. Gabe Garrett has written the American Medical Association asking if it has taken an official position on the use of sodium fluoride in public water supplies.

"Local leaders of the dental profession," he told the secretary of the association, "are claiming that your organization has endorsed the program to fluoride public water supplies on a national scale . . . .

"In view of your opposition to socialized medicine, I find it difficult to understand why you would get back of a program using our water supplies as a medium through which to treat citizens for dental caries or any other kind of pathology. Such a position would be, to say the least, inconsistent." – *Corpus Christi Times, November 23, 1953.*

Top White House staff members were hopping mad Wednesday about Senator McCarthy's TV-radio speech Tuesday night.

They wouldn't comment officially, but they made these points about the Wisconsin Senator's performance:

He was given time on the air to criticize former President Truman and ended up criticizing Eisenhower as well. – *Minneapolis Morning Tribune, Nov. 26, 1953.*

Dr. [George D.] Stoddard, former president of the University of Illinois, who charged the krebiozen controversy was the "trigger" which led to his dismissal, began two days of testimony before a 14-member legislative commission.

Opening of the session was marked by strong objections of John Boyles, attorney for the pro-krebiozen group, who contended Dr. Stoddard has been accused of atheism and thus could not take a valid oath. – *Champaign-Urbana Courier, December 9, 1953.*

Our readers are invited to contribute; $2 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, c/o New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – **THE EDITORS.**

To Our Readers

This week's editorial we look on as one of the most sensational exposures we have yet read. We anticipate that it will occupy most of the front pages of the nation's newspapers on Thursday morning. If not, the responsibility lies with the one-party press.

We are ready, of course, to further document our revelations in open or executive sessions. But, modestly, we are anxious to share the spotlight with our collaborators. We owe passing thanks to Mrs. Thomas White of Indiana whose exposures of Robin Hood opened for us this gigantic field. But Mrs. White is merely following a trail well trod by scholars. Motley, author of *Rise of The Dutch Republic,* is one; Sir William Cavendish (*Wolsey the Cardinal*), J. Bellender Kerr (*Popular English Phrases and Rhymes*) and Strickland (*Mary First, Lives of the Bachelor Kings* and *Life of Queen Elizabeth*) are others. Our principal debt, however, is due Miss Katherine Elwes Thomas. Miss Thomas spent 25 years of research into Mother Goose. Her startling conclusions are published in *The Real Personages of Mother Goose* (Lothrop Lee & Shephard Co., N. Y. C.).

m. s.

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